

*brid* The Tragedie

*La.* Doeſt graunt me hedgehog, then God grant me too  
Thou maiest be damned for that wicked deed.

Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

*Glo.* The fitter for the king of heauen that hath him.

*La.* He is in heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.

*Glo.* Let him thanke me that holpe to send him thither,  
For he was fitter for that place then earth.

*La.* And thou vnfit for any place but hell.

*Glo.* Yes one place else, if ye will heare me name it.

*La.* Some dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber.

*La.* Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

*Glo.* So will it Madame, till I lie with you.

*La.* I hope so.

*Glo.* I know so, but gentle Ladie Anne,  
To leaue this kind encounter of our wits,  
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:  
Is not the causer of the time-leſſe deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,  
As blamefull as the executioner?

*La.* Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.

*Glo.* Your beautie was the cause of that effect.

Your beautie which did haunt me in my sleepe,  
To vnderake the death of all the world,  
So I might rest that houre in your sweet bosome.

*La.* If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,  
These nailes should rend that beautie from my cheekes.

*Glo.* These eyes could neuer endure sweet beauties wrack,  
You should not blemish them if I stood by:  
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,  
So I by that, it is my day, my life.

*La.* Black night ouer shade thy day, and death thy life.

*Glo.* Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.

*La.* I would I were to be reuengde on thee.

*Glo.* It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,  
To be reuengde on him that loueth you.

*La.* It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,  
To be reuengd on him that slew my husband.

*Glo.* He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,  
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

*La.* His

of Richard

*Glo.* This is the fruite of rawne  
How that the guiltie kindred of  
Lookt pale when they did heare  
Oh, they did vrge it still vnto the  
God will reuenge it. But come le  
To comfort Edward with our cor

*Enter Dutches of Yorke*

*Boy.* Tell me good Granam, is

*Dut.* No boy.

*Boy.* Why do you wring your h  
And crie, Oh Clarence my vnha

*Girl.* Why do you looke on v  
And call vs wretches, Orphanes,  
If that our noble father be aliue?

*Dut.* My prettie Cosens, you t  
I do lament the sicknesse of the K  
As loth to loose him, not your fat  
It were lost labour to weepe for o

*Boy.* Then Granam you conclu  
The King my Vncle is too blame  
God will reuenge it, whom I will  
With dayly prayers all to that eff

*Dut.* Peace children peace, the  
Incapable and shallow innocents,  
You cannot geſſe who caulde you

*Boy.* Granam, we can: for my g  
Told me, the King prouoked by t  
Deuils impeachmentments to impriso  
And when he told me so he wept,  
And hugd me in his arme, and kin  
And bad me relie on him as on my  
And he would loue me dearly as

*Dut.* Oh that deceit should steal  
And with a vertuous vizard hide f  
He is my sonne, yea and therein n  
Yet from my dugs he drew not th

*Boy.* Thinke you my Vncle did o

*Dut.* I Boy.

*Boy.* I cannot thinke it, harke, w

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